Mowb. Each day ſtil better others happineſſe,
Vntil the heauens enuying earths good happe,
Adde an immortal title to your Crowne.
King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As wel appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely to appeale each other of high treaſon:
Cooſin of Hereford what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray?
Bul. Firſt, heauen be the record to my ſpeech,
In the deuotion of a ſubiects loue,
Tendering the precious ſafetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting wel: for what I ſpeake
My body ſhal make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwere it in heauen:
Thou art a traitour and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and criſtall is the skie,
The vglier ſeeme the cloudes that in it flie:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule traitours name ſtuffe I thy throte,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawne ſword may proue.
Mow. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeale,
Tis not the triall of a womans war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine,
The bloud is hotte that muſt be coold for this,
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht and naught at al to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your highneſſe curbes mee,
From giuing reines and ſpurs to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt vntill it had returnd,
Theſe tearmes of treaſon doubled downe his throat:
Setting aſide his high blouds royaltie,
And let him bee no kinſman to my Leige,

I do defie him, and ſpit at him,
Cal him a ſlaunderous coward and a villaine,
Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,
And meete him were I tide to runne afoote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Engliſh man durſt ſette his foote,
Meane time let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes moſt falſely doth he lie.
Bul. Pale trembling coward there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming heere the kinred of a King,
And lay aſide my high blouds royaltie,
Which Feare, not Reuerence makes thee to except.
If guiltie dread haue left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take vp mine honours pawne, then ſtowpe,
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I haue ſpoke, or thou canſt deuiſe.
Mow. I take it vp, and by that ſword I ſweare,
Which gently laide my knighthood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwere thee in any faire degree,
O chiualrous deſigne of knightly triall,
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be traitour or vniuſtly fight.
King. What doth our Cooſin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It muſt be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bul. Looke what I ſayd my life ſhal prooue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiude eight thouſand nobles,
In name of Lendings for your highneſſe ſouldiours,
The which hee hath detainde for lewd imployments,
Like a falſe traitour and iniurious villaine,
Beſides I ſay, and will in battaile prooue,
Or here, or elſewhere to the furtheſt Verge
That euer was ſurueyed by Engliſh eie,
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteene yeares,
Complotted and contriued in this land:
Fetcht from falſe Mowbray their firſt head and ſpringe.

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